

CHARIVARIA.

SOME of us were inclined to be down-hearted last week over the official statements as to our Navy. But if our supremacy is threatened in one quarter, it is, thank Heaven, safe in another. In Germany, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON tells us, there are only five golf courses!

Meanwhile it is good to know that England still possesses a Man. "Let the Germans build fleets by the score," said Mr. LURTON in the course of the Navy debate, "I am not afraid of them." The effect of this statement in Germany is said to be incalculable.

New and attractive recruiting posters will, we hear, shortly be issued by the War Office, bearing the words, "Free Motor Rides to Seaside Resorts," in large type.

The French Post Office Officials who struck work last week evidently failed to realise one great inconvenience likely to result from their action. The interruption of the telegraph service rendered it impossible for us to obtain a good account of their strike.

A well-known German actress has published a remarkable book of confessions, in which she declares that an actress ought not to marry, as she can never be a good housewife. Many, of course, take an early opportunity of correcting their error.

The Ladies' Silence Room was a feature which attracted wide attention among male visitors to a certain New Emporium, and several married men ordered one.

A medical writer recommends the eating of young raw onions by children. It is found to be the simplest way of avoiding kisses with their attendant dangers.

A Hindu gentleman is recommending breathing exercises as a cure for influenza and many other ailments. It is, we believe, becoming more and more a recognised fact that so long as one can carry out these exercises one cannot die.

In view of the increasing expense of our Navy, "ECONOMIST" writes to ask whether it would not be possible for some of our cruisers to take paying guests during the summer season.

Believing himself to be the strongest man in the world, a Bengali, the other day, wagered that he would stand in front of a motor-car and stop it. He made the attempt in the presence of a large crowd. When he recovered consciousness he declared that the car took him by surprise. We trust that the car was of British make, and that the incident is prophetically symbolic.

Considerable speculation has been

According to one account a number of enterprising journalists, to attain their object, intend to disguise themselves as lions, elephants, and okapis, with bullet-proof undervests.

"I went into prison a martyr to indigestion and headaches, and came out cured," a Suffragette informs us. It is satisfactory to know that prison no longer makes martyrs, but cures them.

A mummified duck, estimated to be 3,000,000 years old, has been found in a sandstone stratum in Wyoming. It has been secured for the American Museum of Natural History. The local poulterers were evidently caught napping.

"Providing the Derby defence could hold the supposedly superior Forest forwards, the Second Leaguers were generally expected to win, if their own vanguard was good enough to score." —*The Daily News*.

This seems quite sound.

"It is rumoured that diamonds have been found in Brazil." —*Liverpool Evening Express*.

From "News in a Nutshell." These Brazil-nuts are quite as toothsome as the ordinary chestnut.

The final round of the Amateur Billiard Championship appears to have been an exciting affair. According to *The Sportsman* Major FLEMING ended the afternoon sitting with "50 (un-

finished), making 30 after losing the red ball." Whether the red ball was ever found again we cannot say, but its disappearance seems to have affected the Major's play, for we read that "Major Fleming made his unfinished break into 51." That last 1, even with the red ball off the table, was unworthy of him.

Hunting Notes.

"An amusing story of how a fox half wrecked the dinner table around which were sitting its sworn enemies, members of the Rugby Beagles, came from Redhill yesterday." —*Lloyd's Weekly*.

"Nine years ago he established the Quantock Pack of Staghounds, which he maintained at his own expense (the only subscription being for a poultry fund)." —*Bristol Echo*. The chicken and the stag appear to be sworn enemies too.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR NEW TOPICAL DRAMA IN PARIS: *The Silence of the Grève*.



MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL MOTOR CARS.

II.—FOR LITERARY BOOMSTERS.

NO OFFENCE INTENDED.

[The following lines are supposed to be addressed to the German people by the PRIME MINISTER and the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in extenuation of their candour during the debate on the Navy Estimates.]

LARGE and belovéd, O amphibious Power,
If we have seemed to you a touch too candid,
If in a really rather awkward hour
We had to let your sacred name be bandied
As that of our most likely foe,
Permit us to explain why this was so.

It all began about November last.
We gathered, in the very act of nailing
Our glorious Two-Power Standard to the mast,
Firm as a Suffragette lashed to a paling,
That you (we never dreamed you would)
Were building *Dreadnoughts* faster than you could.

Of course we don't dispute your perfect right
(Why, who are we to circumscribe your freedom?)
To keep your KRUPPS a-boiling day and night
With thirty thousand extra hands; you need 'em;
Your merchant-ships—may they increase!
Require protection—one *Dreadnought* apiece.

(Since penning this remark we learn, dear friends,
That your commercial needs are not as stated;
We hear that Admiral TIRPITZ now intends
To have his fighting navy concentrated,
For local objects, nearer home,
And not dispersed about the general foam.)

And if you said you wouldn't push the pace,
That was no pledge, but just a "declaration,"
Not binding, though it gave us heart of grace,
And nerved us to a little relaxation;
And if thereon you fail to act,
Your *bona fides* still remains intact.

We should have liked to draw a veil about
Matters that hardly lend themselves to mincing,
Only, you see, we *had* to blurt them out
Because our own side takes so much convincing;
We *had* to talk in tragic metres
So as to flabbergast our Little-Fleeters.

Against our will we gave your schemes away,
Not all of them, of course, but all we knew, Sirs;
On painful facts we turned the light of day,
Simply to shock these Armament-Reducers,
Fearing they might, unless we stirred 'em,
Vote for the Fleet's *reductio ad absurdum*.

Pity, don't blame us; we were bound to hedge,
Bound to employ ambiguous resources,
Exposed upon the cliff's appalling ledge,
With just the choice of two repugnant courses,
The balance being fairly level—
That side the deep sea, and on this the devil.

O. S.

* Last Thursday, in the Reichstag, Admiral von Tirpitz "declared that henceforth the battle fleet will be kept commissioned exclusively for a 'home war,' i.e., operations in waters immediately adjacent to German coasts, instead of being kept in a state of preparation for fighting in any possible region."—"Daily Mail's" Berlin Correspondent.

An advertisement in *The Amateur Gardener*:

"Last spring we dug in a good dressing of Vapotide underneath our pear trees with a view to checking the chrysalides of the Pear Midge. The results are that we secured a good crop of peas." Though checked, the Pear Midge was by no means rebuffed, and seems to have put in some particularly useful work.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Mamma, aged 41.*)

Little Arthur. Mamma, was the Pantomime very funny last Wednesday?

Mamma. What a queer question. You were there yourself. You ought to be able to say as well as anyone else.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I know; but what I mean is, did they mean it to be funny?

Mamma. Well, yes, I suppose they did. The audience laughed, didn't they?

L. A. Oh, yes, they laughed all right, but I didn't always laugh when they did.

Mamma. Didn't you?

L. A. No, I didn't. When the big man came in dressed as a landlady most of them laughed. Papa laughed a lot, but I didn't, and you didn't either, Mamma.

Mamma. No, I thought it vulgar.

L. A. What does "vulgar" mean, Mamma?

Mamma. Oh, "vulgar" means common and disagreeable.

L. A. Then, of course, nice people don't like disagreeable things, do they?

Mamma. No, of course not.

L. A. But if Papa laughed he must have liked it. Isn't Papa a nice man?

Mamma. You mustn't speak of your father in that way. He's perfectly capable—

L. A. But, Mamma—

Mamma. Don't interrupt me. I say he's perfectly capable of judging for himself in these matters, and it isn't for us to criticise him.

L. A. But, Mamma, you said it was vulgar.

Mamma. So it was.

L. A. But if you didn't want to criticise Papa you ought to have thought it funny, and you ought to have laughed at it, oughtn't you?

Mamma. I daresay—I daresay; but then people don't always do what they ought. Possibly, if I thought it over again quite calmly, I might come to think it very funny.

L. A. Oh, no, Mamma, I don't think you could. I couldn't. If I have to think funny things over quite calmly I can never laugh at them. Ought I to?

Mamma. It's close on lunch-time, I'm sure.

L. A. Not very close, Mamma. There's about a quarter of an hour. Mamma, is a red nose always called a "boko"?

Mamma. A what?

L. A. A "boko," Mamma. The man who dressed up as a landlady had a very red nose, and when the other man hit him on it he said he had "ketched him one on the boko." They all laughed like anything at that.

Mamma. I suppose it's one of those bits of American slang. I don't understand it. You'd better ask your father to explain it.

L. A. Yes, Mamma, I will. But I'm sure it must be very terrible to have a red nose like that, mustn't it?

Mamma. Yes, dear, it must.

L. A. But if it's so terrible, we oughtn't to laugh at it, ought we? You told me we ought never to take notice of personal peculiarities. Isn't a red nose a personal peculiarity?

Mamma. Of course it is.

L. A. But they all laughed at it and talked about it all through the Pantomime. Don't you remember, Mamma, they all came up and wanted to warm their hands at it? That made me laugh a little.

(A pause.)

L. A. Mamma, isn't Grandmamma Papa's mother-in-law?

Mamma. Certainly she is.

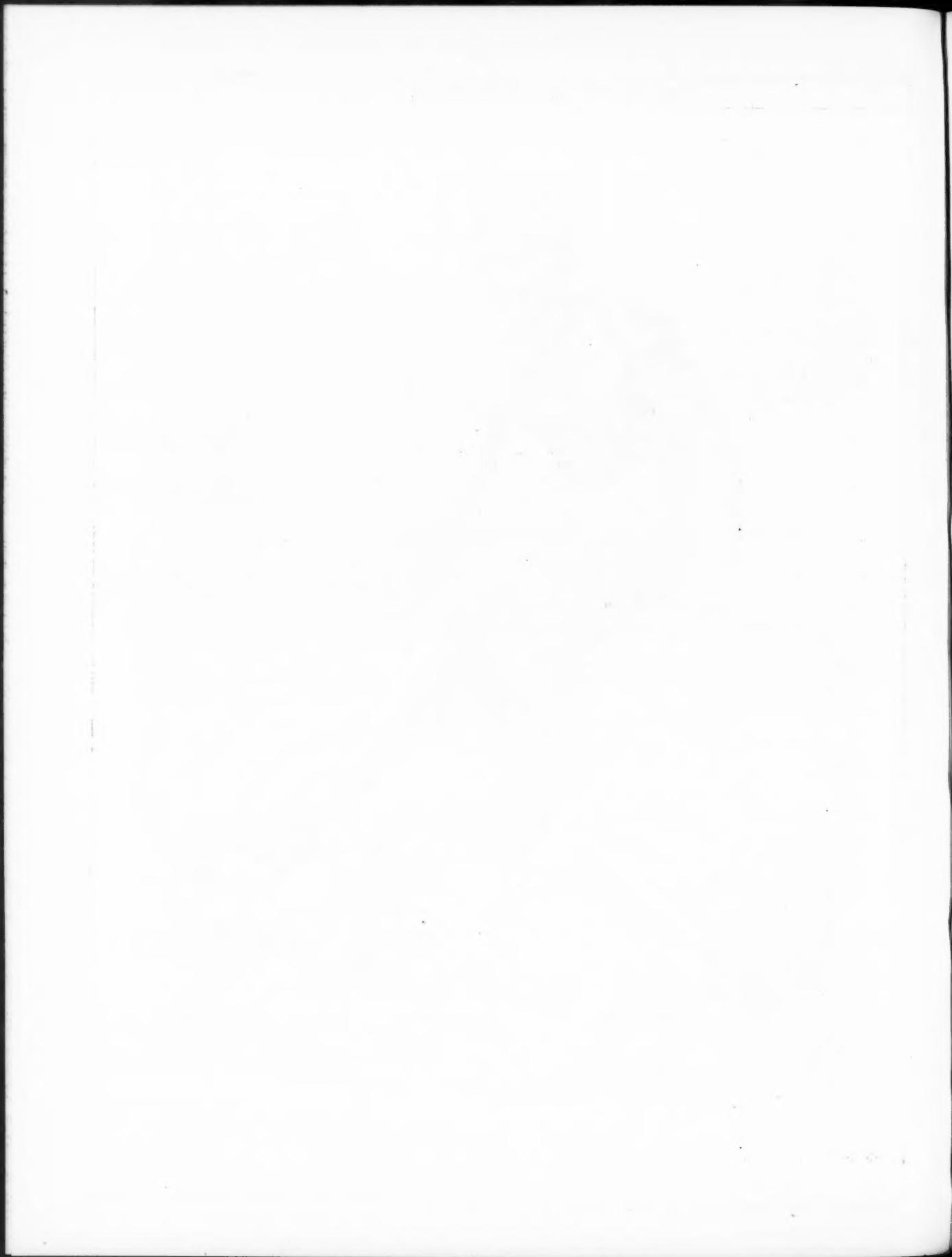
L. A. And doesn't Papa like Grandmamma?



POSTE RESTANTE.

THE PARIS STRIKE.

(After the Bronze Mercury at Naples.)





Basil. "MOTHER, HOW IS IT THAT SOLDIERS' MUSIC ALWAYS MAKES ME FEEL SO MUCH HAPPIER THAN I REALLY AM?"

Mamma. Of course he does.

L. A. But the other man, who was supposed to be the husband of the one with the boko, said some dreadful things about mothers-in-law. He sang a whole song about them, and said they were awful people, and Papa laughed at that.

Mamma. If your father laughed it must have been on account of the silliness of the song.

L. A. Perhaps that was it, Mamma. I hope it was. Shall we go to the Pantomime again next year, Mamma?

Mamma. No, not to the Pantomime. Perhaps we'll go to a play of SHAKESPEARE'S.

L. A. Yes, Mamma; but why—

Mamma. There's the gong. Away with you quick and wash your hands.

Socialists and the Navy.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been reading your "Cross-Examinations for the Home." I, too, have a young son, a very intelligent boy, who asks questions, and I try to answer them. He wanted to know if the building of a battleship means employment for anybody, and I said I thought it must be so. And then he said, "Well, why do the Labour people want us to have no battleships?" I thought a little, and then said that if all the money we spend on battleships was given to the unemployed, then they wouldn't need to be employed in ship-building or anything else. Can any of your readers tell me if that was the right answer? MOTHER OF ONE.

WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

[It is said to be a scientific fact that the effect of alcohol upon the brain is increased if it be consumed amidst red surroundings.]

JUST a glass of sherry with the soup;
One of Marcobrunner with the sole;
Then, when haughty Chloe would not stoop,
Four or five of Heidsieck Monopole;
Perfecting the ice, a *petit verre*;
Port in moderation at dessert;
Fine old brandy in the coffee—where
Was there anything in that to hurt?

Ah, but I remember! Every light
From its ruby shade had caught a stain;
Bowls of scarlet flowers, baleful-bright,
Cast a Bacchic spell upon the brain;
Down the walls there ran a crimson line;
Chloe's hair was gloriously red;—
If there lurked a mischief in the vine,
It was colour brought it to a "head."

A Lesson from a Pre-historic Past.

"The wild, untrained girls are worse than useless as servants, but the discipline and obedience of a *really good* club often works wonders in the way of improvement."—*The Globe*.

SPRING GARDENS.

[If you think this article has anything to do with the L. C. C. you are in error. It is an instructive contribution by Our Own Horticulturist.]

Now that Spring has officially arrived it is time that we turned our thoughts to our gardens once more. Perhaps some of you have been doing this for several weeks past, but for myself I wait reverently until the 22nd of March is here. Then I step out on to the lawn and summon my head-gardener.

"James," I say, "the winter is over at last. What have we got in that big brown-looking bed in the middle there?"

"Well, Sir," he says, "we don't seem to have anything, do we, like?"

"Perhaps there's something down below that hasn't pushed through yet?"

"Maybe there is."

"I wish you knew more about it," I say angrily; "I want to bed out the macaroni there. Have we got a spare bed, with nothing going on underneath?"

"I don't know, Sir. Shall I dig 'em up and have a look?"

"Yes, perhaps you'd better," I say.

Between ourselves, James is a man of no initiative. He has to be told everything.

However, mention of him brings me to my first rule for young gardeners—

Never sow Spring Onions and New Potatoes in the same bed.

I did this by accident last year. The fact is, when the onions were given to me I quite thought they were young daffodils; a mistake anyone might make. Of course, I don't generally keep daffodils and potatoes together; but James swore that the hard round things were tulip bulbs. It is perfectly useless to pay your head gardener half-a-crown a week if he doesn't know the difference between potatoes and tulip bulbs. Well, anyhow, there they were, in the Herbaceous Border together, and they grew up side by side; the onions getting stronger every day, and the potatoes more sensitive. At last, just when they were ripe for picking, I found that the young onions had actually brought tears to the eyes of the potatoes—to such an extent that the latter were too damp for baking or roasting, and had to be mashed. Now, as everybody knows, mashed potatoes are beastly.

The Rhubarb Border

gives me more trouble than all the rest of the garden. I started it a year ago with the idea of keeping the sun off the young carnations. It acted excellently, and the complexion of the flowers was unproved tenfold. Then one day I discovered James busily engaged in pulling up the rhubarb.

"What are you doing?" I cried. "Do you want the young carnations to go all brown?"

"I was going to send some in to the cook," he grumbled.

"To the cook! What do you mean? Rhubarb isn't a vegetable."

"No, it's a fruit."

I looked at James anxiously. He had a large hat on, and the sun couldn't have got to the back of his neck.

"My dear James," I said, "I don't pay you half-a-crown a week for being funny. Perhaps we had better make it two shillings in future."

However, he persisted in his theory that in the spring people stewed rhubarb in tarts, and ate it!

Well, I have discovered since that this is actually so. People really do grow it in their gardens, not with the idea of keeping the sun off the young carnations, but under the impression that it is a fruit. Consequently I have found it necessary to adopt a firm line with my friends' rhubarb. On arriving at any house for a visit, the first thing I say to my host is, "May I see your rhubarb bed? I have heard such a lot about it."

"By all means," he says, feeling rather flattered, and leads the way into the garden.

"What a glorious sunset," I say, pointing to the west.

"Isn't it?" he says, turning round; and then I surreptitiously drop a pint of weed-killer on the bed.

Next morning I get up early and paint the roots of the survivors with iodine.

Once my host, who for some reason had got up early too, discovered me.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Just painting the roots with iodine," I said, "to prevent the rhubarb falling out."

"To prevent what?"

"To keep the green fly away," I corrected myself. "It's the new French intensive system."

But he was suspicious, and I had to leave two or three stalks untreated. We had those for lunch that day. There was only one thing for a self-respecting man to do. I obtained a large plateful of the weed and emptied the cream jug over it. Then I took a mouthful of the pastry, gave a little start, and said, "Oh, is this rhubarb? I'm sorry, I didn't know." Whereupon I pushed my plate away and started on the cheese.

Asparagus.

Asparagus wants watching very carefully. It requires to be tended like a child. Frequently I wake up in the middle of the night and wonder if James has remembered to put the hot-water bottle in the asparagus bed. Whenever

I get up to look I find that he has forgotten.

He tells me to-day that he is beginning to think that the things which are coming up now are not asparagus after all, but young hyacinths. This is very annoying. I am inclined to fancy that James is not the man he was. For the sake of his reputation in the past I hope he is not.

Potting out.

I have spent a busy morning potting out the nasturtiums. We have them in three qualities—mild, medium, and full. Nasturtiums are extremely peppery flowers, and take offence so quickly that the utmost tact is required to pot them successfully. In a general way all the red or reddish flowers should be potted as soon as they are old enough to stand it, but it is considered bad form among horticulturists to pot the white.

James has been sowing the roses. I wanted all the pink ones in one bed, and all the yellow ones in another, and so on; but James says you never can tell for certain what colour a flower is going to be until it comes up. Of course, any fool could tell then.

"You should go by the picture on the outside of the packet," I said.

"They're very misleading," said James.

"Anyhow, they must be all brothers in the same packet."

"You might have a brother with red hair," says James.

I hadn't thought of that.

Grafting.

Grafting is when you try short approaches over the pergola in somebody else's garden, and break the best tulip. You mend it with a ha'penny stamp and hope that nobody will notice; at any rate not until you have gone away on the Monday. Of course in your own garden you never want to graft.

I hope in a future article to be allowed—even encouraged—to refer to such things as *The Most Artistic Way to Frame Cucumbers*, *How to Stop Tomatoes Blushing* (the Homeopathic method of putting them next to the French beans is now discredited), and *Spring Fashions in Fox Gloves*. But for the moment I have said enough. The great thing to remember in gardening is that flowers, fruits and vegetables alike can only be cultivated with sympathy. Special attention should be given to backward and delicate plants. They should be encouraged to make the most of themselves. Never forget that flowers, like ourselves, are particular about the company they keep. If a hyacinth droops in the celery bed, put it among the pansies.

But above all, mind, a firm hand with the rhubarb.

A. A. M.

HOW I ADAPTED.

I HAVE been a good deal worried lately over my play. To speak candidly, so have some other people, but these were chiefly managers, strong men, who could endure in silence. And usually did. The trouble appeared to be that, though my central idea was excellent and dramatic enough (*Adolphus* in love with *Angelina*, who is betrothed to *Edwin*) the treatment was not so satisfactory. Or so I gathered from the advice of the only friend whom I could persuade to read it. What he said was briefly, "Adapt! Look about you, select your management, and adapt accordingly. Don't be discouraged by one failure. Adapt again!" So I adapted—with what result the following extracts from my notebook will show.

VERSION A.

Adolphus, a rugged Colonial, uncultivated but enormously wealthy, loves silently the *Lady Angelina*, a society butterfly betrothed *de convenance* to *Lord Edwin*, bloated *roué*. Act I.—Ball-room scene, heartless epigrams interrupted by *Adolphus*, who enters in a ready-made suit and exposes the corruption of the Smart Set. Act II.—*Adolphus's* City office. *Lord Edwin* proposes to exchange *Angelina* for the straight tip on Australian mines. *Adolphus* consents to deal, and inadvertently posts the contract note to *Angelina*. Act III.—*Adolphus's* flat. Hero packing to return to Colonies, having received snub. Enter *Angelina*. Strong scene *à deux*. Finally, *Angelina*: "You are going to cross the sea alone?" *Adolphus* (quietly): "Alone, *Lady Angelina*." *Angelina*: "So, then, there is one process, *Adolphus*, that your business training has not taught you" (turns aside and thumps cushions). *Adolphus* (a great light coming into his eyes): "What is that?" *Angelina* (with a wonderful smile): "The carry over!" He catches her in his strong arms. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. Arthur Burch.

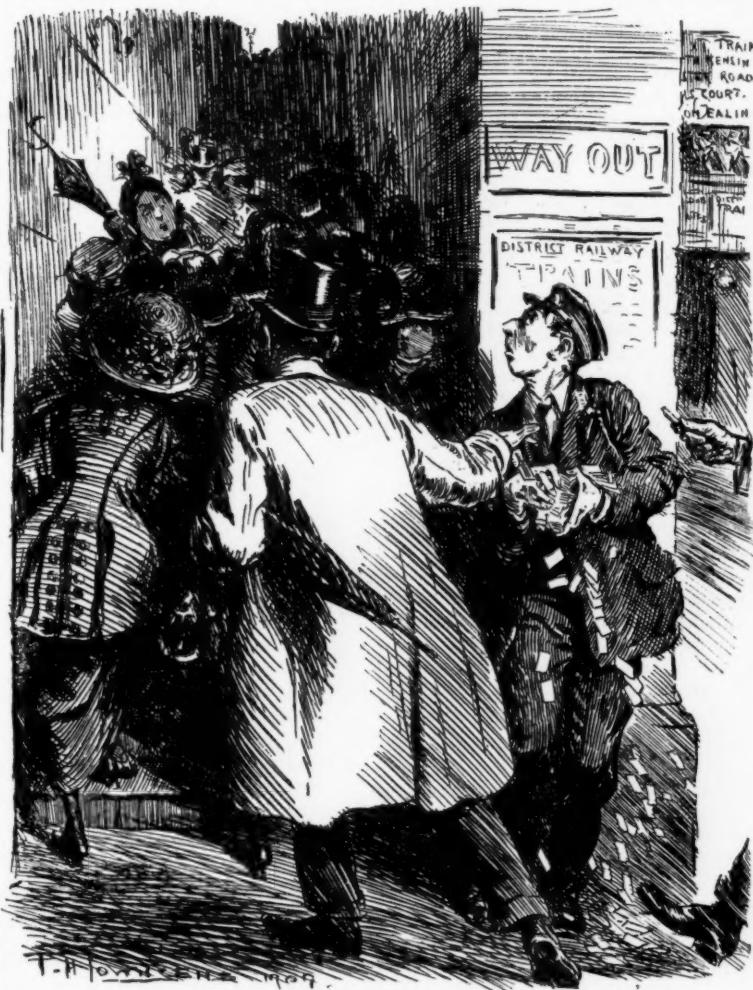
VERSION B.

Angelina, a frivolous, fluffy-minded lady, is engaged to *Edwin*, but fancies she might prefer *Adolphus*. Act I.—Drawing-room at Badinage Towers. Enter *Edwin*, *Adolphus*, *Angelina*, and witty house-party. They talk. Act II.—Conservatory at Badinage Towers. Enter *Edwin*, etc., as before. They talk. Engagement broken off. Act III.—Royal Courts of Justice. Breach of Promise action. Enter everybody. *Angelina* talks. Curtain.

Declined by Miss Mary Mere.

VERSION C.

For the purposes of this version *Edwin* and *Angelina* are already mar-



Old Lady. "PORTER! PORTER! DID I GIVE YOU THE WRONG HALF JUST NOW?"

ried, and are staying as guests at the country house of *Adolphus*, who loves *Angelina* silently but less strenuously than in A. Act I.—Hall of *Adolphus's* house. Host announces that his gold trouser-press has mysteriously disappeared, and that all the footmen are really detectives. Sensation among guests. Act II. (The Great Scene)—*Angelina's* bedroom. Discovery by *Edwin* of pawn-ticket for the missing property in *Angelina's* jewel-case. Enter *Adolphus*, guests, and detectives. First detective: "I arrest you, *Adolphus*, on the charge of pawning your own trouser-press, and forgetting it." *Angelina* is silent. *Adolphus* glances at her, shrugs shoulders, and smiles wanly. "It is true!" Act III.—*Adolphus*, still smiling wanly, about to be led out to prison. *Angelina*: "Stop! I stole the trouser-press!" *Edwin*: "You! Why?" *Angelina*: "Because

—" (falters). *Adolphus*: "Because, ah, do you not see? Because, *Edwin*, she could not bear that your trousers should be less creased than mine. Because—she loves you!" Joins their hands, and exit, smiling wanly. Curtain.

Declined by Mr. George Alexander.

VERSION D.

In this version also *Angelina* is already married to *Edwin*, but is carrying on a flirtation (just not too far for the Censor) with *Adolphus*, who is now younger and more romantic than *Edwin*. Act I.—Departure of *Edwin*, vaguely suspicious, on supposed tropical tour. Arrival of extra character, inserted for this version only, "Charles, his friend," loquacious, elderly philosopher. Situation explained to newcomer, who grunts eloquently. Act II.—Restaurant Palais-Royal. *Adolphus* and *Angelina* dining together in private room. Unexpected

return of *Edwin*. "What does this mean?" Philosopher (entering provisionally): "Mean—why, that we are both late for *Adolphus*'s party!" *Tableau*. Act III.—Chambers of philosophical friend. Enter *Adolphus* and *Angelina*, *en route* for Paris. *Friend*: "Go by all means, but not till you have first heard my monologue on the Social Fabric." Gives it at length. Enter *Edwin*. Hurried reconciliation of everybody. *Curtain*.

Declined by Sir Ch-r-l-s W-ndh-m.

VERSION E.

Suburban atmosphere. Act I.—Scene, a Villa Residence. *Angelina*, a typical English girl, has betrothed herself to *Edwin* (who teaches her roller-skating) rather than to *Adolphus*, an ex-BADEN-POWELL scout. The happy home; *Adolphus*'s warnings unheeded. Sudden noise without. Enter the invading army of the Princess of Monaco. *Sensation*. Act II.—Same scene as Act I, only less of it. Continued noise without. *Edwin* shot. Act III.—Hardly any of Scene I. Alarums and excursions. Death of *Adolphus*. *Angelina*: "Can roller-skating save England now?" She goes mad. *Curtain*.

Declined by Mr. Fr-nk C-rz-n (and when I wrote again, offering to put on a happy ending, he didn't answer).

VERSION F.

Most of dialogue omitted in this version. Act I.—Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. Presentation of *Angelina* and gorgeously attired supers. *Adolphus* steals the Crown jewels, and falsely accuses *Edwin*, who is forced to escape with *Angelina* in a motor, pursued by *Adolphus*. Act II.—Still escaping. The motors cross the St. Gothard in realistic snow-storm. Act III.—The earthquake. Motors blow up. Rescue of *Edwin* and *Angelina* by airship. The seismic wave; entire arena converted into a gigantic sea, and *Adolphus* submerged beneath two million gallons of actual water. *Curtain*.

Declined by Mr. Fr-nk P-rk-r for the Hippodrome.

What on earth to do with it now?

FORBES ROBERTSON

in

THE PACING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.
Adet. in "The Sunday Chronicle."

It sounds like a minor poet, busy lucubrating.

"His chin, at the psychological moment of delivery, actually touches his chin—a new experience to me among all the billiard players I have known."—*The New World of Billiards*.

We are glad to say that not even the italics are ours.

ST. CECILIA AT THE SALES;
OR, THE NEW HANDMAID OF COMMERCE.

Messrs. Torrey and Dems, of the great Emporium on Campden Hill, announce a monster musical entertainment to be held under the dome of their new buildings on May Day in celebration of the 25th anniversary of their association with Kensington. The proprietors, with an enterprise which does them infinite credit, have placed Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony in the forefront of their programme. This epoch-making work, we may note, will be conducted for the first time by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, and the sermon will, of course, be preached by Dr. TORREY, who comes from America for the purpose.

The programme of the great tercentenary celebration at Messrs. Black and Crosswell's is now complete. Naturally music forms a prominent feature in the function, and the proprietors are to be congratulated on their originality in including in the programme Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony, which will be conducted for the first time in the Pyjama Saloon by Sir JOHN FISHER. This great sailor has also kindly promised to sing his favourite appeal to the nation, *Dormi pure*, together with several German *Wiegenlieder* of a most deliciously narcotic and tranquillising character.

Messrs. Bark and Bark, the well-known Kensington outfitters, propose to commemorate their jubilee, which falls on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, by a grand orchestral concert, at which Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony will be conducted for the first time by Mr. LEWIS WALLER. The proprietors, we are glad to see, have announced that in future the style and title of the firm will be John Sebastian Bark and Sons, and that all relatives, direct or collateral, of their great namesake will be allowed a discount of 25 per cent. on cash purchases.

Messrs. Pinker and Mute, the well-known undertakers, propose to celebrate the centenary of the establishment of their firm by a Musical Festival, at which all the compositions performed will be in harmony with the nature of their business. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, who will act as conductor, has composed a new Symphonie Funèbre in honour of the occasion, and the programme will include GOUNOD's *Funeral March of a Marionette* and STRAUSS's *Tod und Verklärung*. We are also glad to note that Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony will be conducted in the Silence Room for the first time by Lord SHUTTLEWORTH.

Messrs. Bunter and Guzzard, of Berkeley Square, announce a most attractive Concert for April 1st, which happens to be the birthday of Mrs. Guzzard, as well as of the late Prince BISMARCK. In honour of so auspicious an occasion, M. RITZ has most kindly undertaken to conduct Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony for the first time, and the National Anthem, which will open the programme, will be prefaced by a new Golden Roll on the drums.

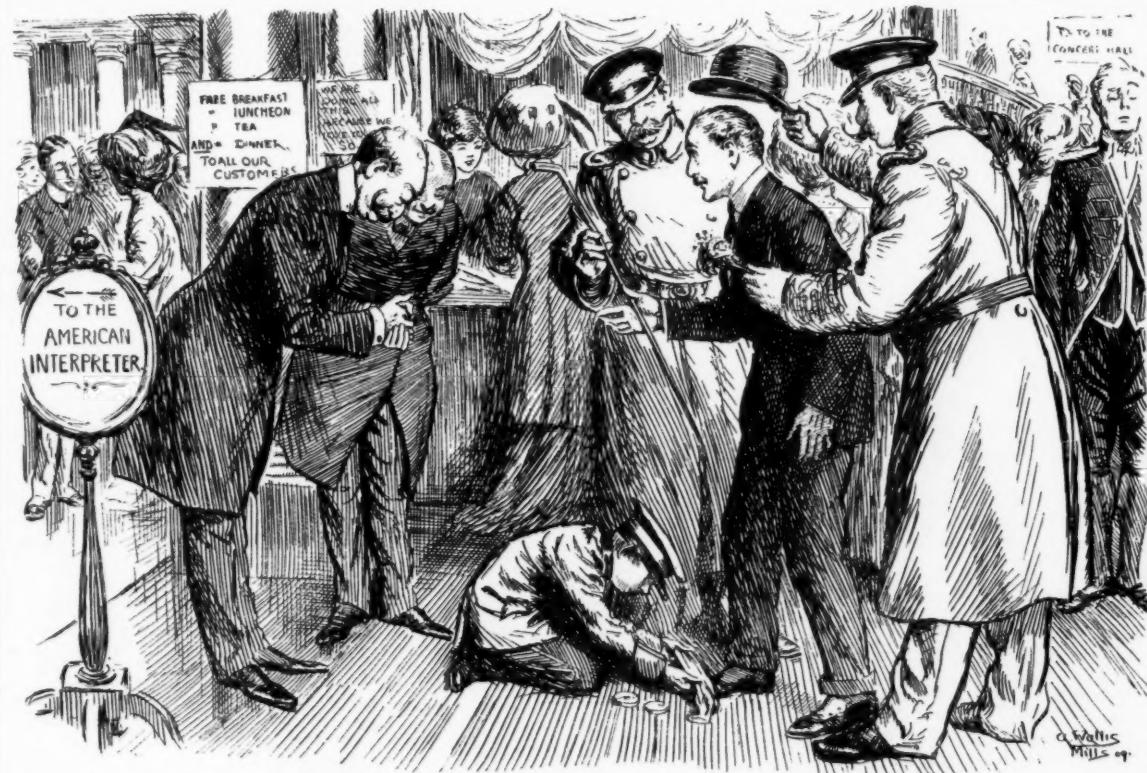
Messrs. Dormy and Mendoza, the proprietors of the famous house so long consecrated to the habiliments of Morpheus, or "slumberwear," as of late we have been taught to call them, are celebrating their diamond jubilee next month, and have resolved to mark the occasion by a grand musical demonstration. Being anxious to strike out a wholly new line in the entertainment, they have decided to make Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony the *pièce de résistance*, and this monumental work will be conducted for the first time in the Pyjama Saloon by Sir JOHN FISHER. This great sailor has also kindly promised to sing his favourite appeal to the nation, *Dormi pure*, together with several German *Wiegenlieder* of a most deliciously narcotic and tranquillising character.

Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, the world-famous manufacturers of hygienic hosiery, propose to commemorate the coming of age of young Mr. Cadwaladr Jones by a magnificent musical demonstration on the roof garden which now crowns their superb premises in Oxbridge Circus. After long and careful deliberation they have decided to make Sir EDWARD ELGAR's Symphony the *clou* of the entertainment, and have been fortunate in securing no less distinguished a celebrity than Lord GUTHRIE, the famous Scottish judge, to conduct this work for the first time. Lord GUTHRIE has always been an ardent musician, and he wields the *bâton* with a tact, an amiability and a charm which would fit him for any society, no matter how exalted.

"We give it up, unless it be that the one is the mould of fashion, like Hamlet's father, and the other isn't."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*. This must have been hereditary. Anyhow, we know that Hamlet himself was the "mould of form" because Ophelia said so.

"At present there are but two honorary freemen of the borough of Darlington—the Right Hon. Frederick Sleigh and Earl Roberts." *Northern Echo*.

By a curious coincidence the names of these two veterans come next to each other on the rolls of freedom of several other boroughs.



COMFORT IN SHOPPING IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT THIS SORT OF THING IS A BIT EMBARRASSING WHEN ONE HAS ONLY COME TO BUY A COLLAR-STUD.

BENEDICK.

YE lessening company of single men,
Weep for the bitter tidings I impart !
For Benedick is booked, the wary Ben,
Old Benedick, esteemed in every art
Second to none :
E'en he, for all his richly-coloured past,
Has done it once too often—he has done
It once too often—now the die is cast,
And Benedick, our chief, is caught at last.
Ay, weep for Benedick ! He was well wont
Himself to weep when others went astray.
Has it not ever been his counsel, Don't !
To them that would ? Have we not leard him say,
How tame, how trite
Was wedlock ? And, with suffering eyes grown dim,
Mourning some fallen comrade's evil plight,
Oft would he vow, with more than common vim,
To see us further ere we wept for him.
He was no scorner of the sex. Not he !
To him the merest flutter of a gown
Was draw enow ; but, like the busy bee,
He loved to sip from every flower, one down
T'other come on ;
Seeking, or when the owl complaining mopes
Or otherwise, t'improve each hour that shone,
Yet ever coy, and ever raising hopes
For ever vain, so well he knew the ropes.
And you, dear charmers of those earlier days,
Will you not weep what time you hear his fall ?

You will recall, I trust, his airy ways,
His nods, th' alluring becks he wooed withal,
His wreathed smiles ;
Also I charge you that you should attend
The last sad rites, thronging the pews and aisles,
For, as a fact, one-half of you would lend
A gloomy éclat to his fearful end.

But you, O mothers, which of you will shed
One tear, one kindly tear, on this lost swain ?
For this is he for whom your nets were spread
So often and so utterly in vain
(Wily old bird !).

You will not weep, go to ! But we, his peers,
We, relicts of an ever-dwindling herd,
Reft of our champion and our chief of years,
May be excused some horror-stricken tears.

Ah, me ! And yet what profit that we mourn
And tell our loss in due and wailful chant ?
For Benedick is booked ! The nuptial bourn
Yawns for his trembling footsteps—and you can't
Get out of that !
Better it were to rally 'neath the blow
And, with sad foresight, circulate the hat,
Clubbing together, that he may not go
Giftless to wed ; and it comes cheaper so.

DUM-DUM.

"Sir,—In my letter published to-day, in the last line of the verse
the word 'fangle' should read 'caugle.'—*The Scotsman*.
By all means.



Belated Reveller (after rainy chasin' fire-engine). "ALL RI', ALL RI'! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR BLOOMIN' BAKED POTATOES!"

THE NUT.

A STUDY IN PRIDE.

THERE are many forms of pride, and all are amusing to study, but I doubt if any variety is more satisfying and vivacious than that of a man standing in the pit of a music-hall who happens to know personally one of the performers on the stage. I say this because I know; because I observed such a man the other evening, and I saw his honest face light up as he passed the word round among his neighbours, who until then had been strangers but were now admirers; and their rapture at being so near the rose I saw reflected back.

He seemed to be an old *habitué*, for without a programme he had known all that was coming. And then suddenly he came to his own; for, "Watch this," he said, as a new number went up; "this is good. I know a chap in this. I'll tell you when he comes on." We watched and waited. It was a furious knockabout sketch, the scene of which was a grocer's shop, staffed by comic grocers. Humorist after humorist came upon the stage, fell over each other, and went through the usual antics; but there was no news of our friend's friend.

And then at last a young man, more than commonly foolish, representing an

aristocratic customer, rushed on. "That's him," said the man, "that's old Charley. He's a nut, I can tell you." I had not heard the phrase before. A nut. But it had, like all London slang, its merits. A nut, I take it, is what we used to call a dog, with a touch more of irresponsibility and high-spirited idiocy. It seemed to fit old Charley, who was, by the way, quite young. He indulged in a variety of eccentricities. I can imagine nothing more nuttish.

"Isn't he a nut?" the man asked us all with a radiant sweeping glance of inquiry. How could we disappoint him? I caught myself nodding in acquiescence. A nut, surely. "Oh, he's a boy, I promise you. I've had some rare times with old Charley," his friend went on. "You should see him at Forest Gate! I tell you he's a nut."

The nut continued to do his best to prove his character. He screwed an eyeglass in his eye, he dashed the girls under the chin, he fell over his walking-stick, he flung his tall hat on the ground. His friend was in ecstasies. "Good old Charley!" he cried again; "isn't he a nut? By Jingo, but he's a nut!"

I left him exulting in the acquaintanceship, while the youths round him glowed in the glory of even the temporary acquaintance of a man who knew intimately a nut on the music-hall stage.

And, after all, that is no small thing.

THE STATION PATHWAY.

THERE'S A ROCK UPON A HEADLAND

Where the hoarse gulls wheel and cry,
Where the fierce waves break in thunder,
Flinging foam across the sky;
It was there we watched the sunset,
You and I, in days gone by.

THERE'S A LITTLE COUNTRY ORCHARD

Where the rosy apples fall,
There we two, one autumn morning,
Sought them where the grass grew tall;
And we ate them in the shadow
Of the crumbling, moss-grown wall.

EVEN THOUGH THESE RECOLLECTIONS

Never fail to wake a thrill,
There's a narrow gravel pathway
That to me is dearer still,
Sweeter, though defaced by hoardings,
Marred with many a garish bill.

WHEN I JOURNEY TO THE STATION,

Morn and evening, to and fro,
Floods of gratitude o'erwhelm me
As along that path I go;
It was there that I said, "Will you?"
It was there you answered, "No!"

The Age of Specialisation.

"Wanted by a gentleman, residing in Accra, a good Governess able to read and write."—*Gold Coast Advocate*.



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GERMAN TAR. "WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT, BUT, BY JINGO, IF WE DO,
WE'VE GOT THE SHIPS, WE'VE GOT THE MEN, WE'VE GOT THE MONEY TOO!"
JOHN BULL. "I SAY, THAT'S MY OLD SONG."
GERMAN TAR. "WELL, IT'S MINE NOW."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 15.—Truly the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. DINIZULU being played out, tried, convicted and sentenced, it seemed that time would hang heavy on the hands of the British Branch of the Satish Chatterjee Family. It is true LONG JOHN O'CONNOR, whose altitude is so great that he can easily keep one eye on Ireland and another on South Africa, complains that the Chief has been "deprived of his own clothing." Members reflect that, after all, this doesn't necessarily amount to much in Natal.

Just as DINIZULU disappears from the scene, curtailing opportunity for the Chatterjees to show how treacherous, how cruel, how lost to all sense of honour and humanity are their countrymen representing England in foreign parts, enters the Mad Mullah. SEELY, who has of late had some correspondence with him, took the opportunity of remarking that "anyone less mad than this potentate he could not imagine."

"Hear! hear!" assented BILES of BRADFORD (First Baron, cr. 19—).

Certainly, as extracts from his correspondence read to the Committee show, he is a polite letter-writer. Others in course of debate described him as a bloodthirsty, cruel despot whose iniquities were equalled only by those of the KALIFA.

MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY came to the conclusion that "the only thing to do is to kill him and have nothing more to do with him." This last portion of the remark characteristically partakes of the character of the superfluous supplementary question. House felt that the first proposition comprised the whole.

REES of India, inexorably logical, objected that "you cannot kill a Mullah. As soon as he is dead, another turns up." Which, if one remembers rightly, was the case with those early Turks the AMURATHS.

SATISH CHATTERJEE RUTHERFORD, distantly alluding to the Mullah as "this gentleman," hoped that if he were captured he would be granted a fair trial. At this veiled attempt to "get in one" in connection with the Indian branch of the family, Mr. BUCHANAN truculently blew his nose.

It was left to JOHN DILLON to disclose the amiable, hospitable nature of the Mullah. Five years ago, when JOHN happened to be more prominently on the warpath "agin the Government," he received a lengthy communication from the sympathetic Mullah, inviting him to go and spend three months with him. None of your niggardly week-end cartels. A quarter of the whole year to



THE MAD MULLAH.

"Me bery glad 'a see Massa Dill'n. Me show you some de bery best 'cattle-drive' in Somaliland. You make a bery nice 'Mullah' you'self, Massa Dill'n! He-he!!!!"

be spent in close companionship. Committee lingered lovingly over the prospect here opened: the Mullah and JOHN DILLON, seated by the camp fire, perhaps having exchanged hats, smoking the pipe of Peace, the Mullah dwelling on the arbitrary conduct of successive occupants of the Colonial Office, JOHN gently but persistently endeavouring to lead the conversation in direction of WILLIAM O'BRIEN's connection with the Irish Parliamentary Party and some traits in the character of TIM HEALY.

Unfortunately J. D.'s public engagements elsewhere prevented his packing up a few things and going out to Somaliland. Whereby the world is poorer by lack of a picturesque episode.

Business done.—Colonial votes in Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Just as well the Strangers' Galleries fore and aft were empty to-day. Otherwise panic with possibly deplorable results might have taken place. House crowded in every part. Members on both sides wound up to rare pitch of excitement. In speech a model of lucidity, occupying only an hour in delivery, ADMIRAL MCKENNA expounded Navy Estimates for coming year.

PRINCE ARTHUR came next with speech to which exceptional emphasis of delivery, unusual solemnity of manner, added

weight. Unfortunately plan involved setting forth of some intricate figures. Figures not his strong point. As he proceeded to demonstrate how, year by year up to 1912 inclusive, Germany will be overtaking British Fleet in respect of number of *Dreadnoughts*, there loomed out of the fog four phantom ships, which, falling in line with the rest, hopelessly complicated matters. That a detail prosaically corrected by the ADMIRAL and the PREMIER. There remained the conviction possessing PRINCE ARTHUR's mind, forcibly conveyed to listening throng that, "for the first time in comparatively modern history, the country is face to face with a naval situation so new, so dangerous, that it is difficult thoroughly to realise all its importance."

PREMIER followed, his mood and manner deepening impression created by preceding speakers. Whilst correcting PRINCE ARTHUR's figures, and demonstrating that in 1912 Great Britain will have afloat twenty *Dreadnoughts* against Germany's seventeen, he made significant admission. Twelve months ago, standing in the same place, speaking on same theme, he had boasted that in the matter of building these great ships Great Britain enjoyed substantial advantage. Could turn out a *Dreadnought* in twenty-



ANXIOUS SPECTATORS ON THE GREAT DREADNOUGHT NIGHT.

(THE SAILORS' GALLERY.)

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (representing the future of England) was probably unaware of the presence of many distinguished representatives of her past.

four months, whereas the Germans could not do it under thirty. That pleasing state of things no longer exists. In the matter of rapidity of building and arming battleships, Germany has reached plane of equality with British dockyards.

Curiously little cheering broke in on delivery of these momentous statements. Members sat silent, intently listening. Expression on faces indicated how deeply stirred was emotion in presence of swiftly developed crisis.

When PREMIER sat down a strange silence fell on crowded Chamber. Motion was that the SPEAKER leave the Chair in order to go into Committee on Navy Estimates. Opposition was threatened from the Cockleshell Fleeters. Amendment stood on paper protesting against further expenditure. Now was the time to move it. Fully half a minute sped. No one stirred. Hereupon befell the incident that might have affrighted packed Strangers' Galleries, their occupants not realising its import. Suddenly, with one impulse, the spellbound throng leapt to its feet and with loud chattering rushed to the door.

What had happened? Was PRINCE ARTHUR's phantom fleet materialised? Were four *Flying Dutchmen*, shaped like *Dreadnoughts*, moored off the Terrace, their guns trained on the SPEAKER'S Chair? No. It was only Mr. LUPTON rising to continue the debate.

Business done—ADMIRAL MCKENNA explains Navy Estimates.

Wednesday.—Fractious persons, accustomed to question the necessity or desirability of continued existence of House of Lords, will, in common with Mr. MYER, of Vauxhall Walk, be inclined to reconsider their position. If there were no House of Lords, BLACK Rod might not be dispatched with summons to summon faithful Commons to its bar. If BLACK Rod so dispatched had not entered the Commons' Chamber at a critical moment, it might, as *Miss Fanny Squeers* testified in connection with the state of the paternal schoolroom after *Nicholas Nickleby* had paid off old scores against his employer, have been "steeped in the gore" of the Member for North Lambeth.

As is frequently the case, storm suddenly arose over placid sea. CATHCART WASON expressed the hope that the cortège of motor cars hastening to Hastings with troops eager for the blood of the invader would not on their journey exceed the speed limit.

NAPOLEON B. HALDANE explained that he had nothing to do with the arrangements.

"They are," he said, "made by an Association inspired by the public-spirited endeavour of a Member of this House."

Up gat Mr. MYER.

"Is it not the fact," he asked, "that the whole business is an advertisement for the Member for Hastings?" (Mr. DU CROS).

Had a bomb exploded in midst of Opposition Camp uproar would not have been greater or more sudden. Storm of cries burst forth. "Oh! Oh!" (This in note of pained anguish.) "Withdraw! Withdraw!" (This angrily imperative.)

Mr. MYER sat silent.

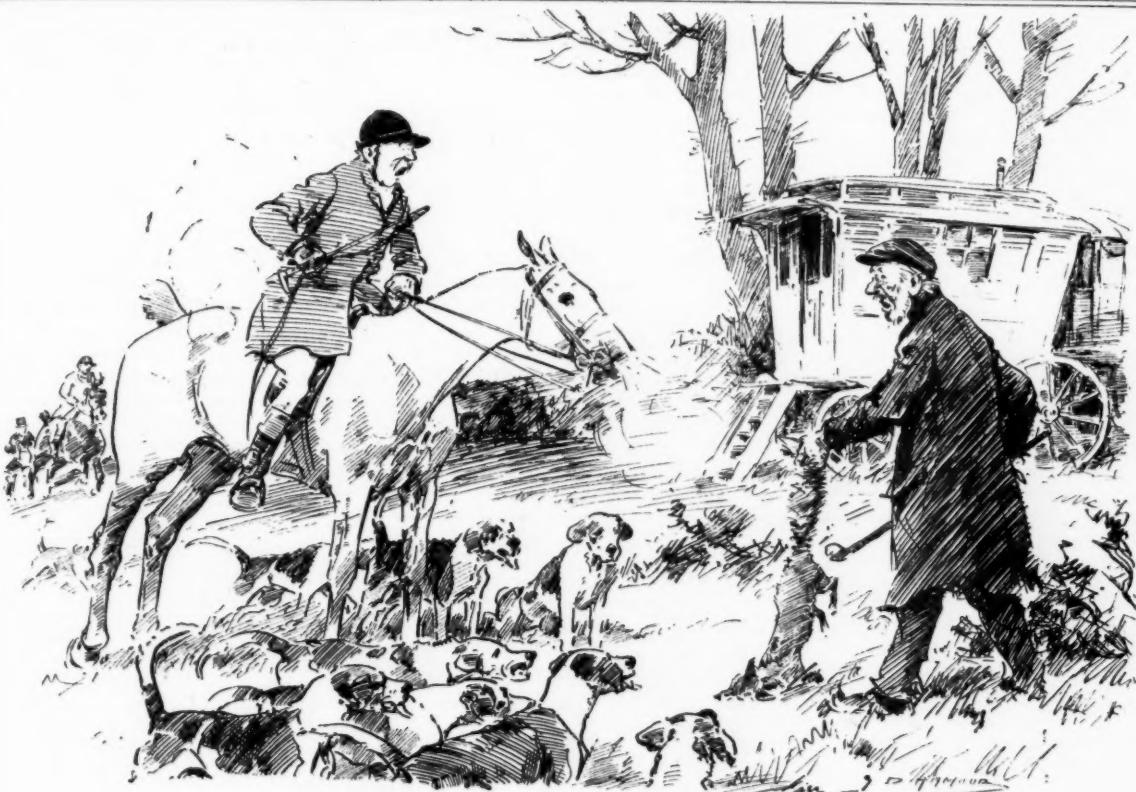
In face of his stubborn immobility uproar grew. Had reached stormiest height when the doorkeeper, advancing to the Bar with obeisance, cried aloud, "BLACK Rod!" Dead silence fell. BLACK Rod came in; Mr. MYER, remembering an engagement in Vauxhall Walk, went out.

Business done—Cockleshell Fleeters drop their amendment denouncing increased expenditure on the Navy. On motion that SPEAKER leave the Chair 83, chiefly Labour Members and Irish Nationalists, with a score of Radicals, offered harmless protest by going into "No" Lobby.



RAISING THE WHIRLWIND.

"Up gat Mr. Myer."



Huntsman. "HERE! LOOK HERE, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, KILLIN' OUR FOX?"
Tramp. "GARN! THAT'S WOT YE WANT TO DO, AIN'T IT?"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

THE LITTLE SEASON.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—The present is a particularly lively Little Season in town. Lots of the nicest people seem to be here. Myself, I always prefer the Little Season to the Big one after Easter. Everyone and everything have more snap in them.

The Masses-and-Classes Dance at the Grecian Galleries the other night was a howling success. Its object was to bring the two ends of the social what-d'-you-call-it together and make them understand each other's point of view; and we all think the object was *thoroughly* attained.

Long beforehand people had been simply tumbling over each other to have quadrilles given them to arrange. Mine was the Capital-and-Labour quadrille, and was voted easily best. I wore white satin with a pattern of bank-notes printed round the edge of the skirt, an Empire sash of golden tissue with bullion-fringed ends, gold coins on my neck and arms, and my hair powdered with gold dust. My partner was one of

the Labour Members, Bill Batters, of Houndsditch. He had on the dress of his former calling—corduroys—with a hood on his back. He was great fun. His eyes and smile aren't at all bad, and the way he says, "Wotsay?" and "Dunno" is simply *quite*. I think of adopting *both* expressions. Wee-Wee was my *vis-à-vis*. Her frock meant *landed* property. It was carried out in green chiffon-velours, for parks and meadows, you know, and she had little models of their different places on her head and on each shoulder. She danced with Jack Jupp, M.P.—the one who's always leading processions about. Before he got into Parliament and began leading people about, he was a carpenter, and he had on the dress he used to *carpent* in, and carried a *plane* in his hand. Other quadrilles were the Home Rule one (arranged by Mrs. O'Howler, wife of The O'Howler), a Tariff Reform quadrille, a Free Trade quadrille, and a Socialist one, in which they all took each other's partners and did whatever steps they pleased, paying no attention to the music; and ever so many more.

The day before the dance, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, had come to me in the prettiest, girliest perplexity to know if I could suggest something for her

quadrille. I said I thought it would be suitable if she arranged an *Old English* one!

Oh, my dear! who d'you think I met again at the Masses-and-Classes Dance? My old friend the Socialist leader, Count Outa Telbows, of Hungary! I asked him what he'd been doing with himself all this time, and he said he'd been touring in India, teaching the natives to make a particularly deadly kind of bomb. I was very angry, and asked him how *dared* he do such things? He said it didn't want any daring; that the aristocrats had been most kind and courteous to him. He's a wretch, of course; but he's much improved by shaving off that horrid beard, and his waltzing is simply *dilly*! He asked why I'd "deserted the Cause?" I said, Oh, I'd had *heaps* of Causes since then, and, besides, the Socialists went too far. And he said, Would I graciously tell him how far they *ought* to go? And I said, "They oughtn't to go at all." This closed the conversation.

Oh, my sweet friend! I must tell you of a perfectly lovely trick (with a wager hanging to it) that Wee-Wee and I played on Aunt Goldie. *First*, it must be understood that the poor old dear's

sight isn't what it was, and that, having a young husband and more than her fair share of vanity, she jibbs at wearing eyeglasses. And now we're off! She sometimes drops in after dinner for bridge, and one evening I presented an interesting foreigner to her, M. le Comte de Quelquepart. I told her in confidence that he was rather taciturn, and spoke no language but his own, and as her French is of the dottiest she limited herself to gracious smiles and a few guide-book phrases, requiring, or at least getting, no answer. We sat down to bridge, Bosh and Aunt Goldie, your Blanche, and the interesting foreigner as dummy. Wee-Wee was hovering about, looking on. Everything was going on swimmingly, when Norty (we didn't even know he was in the house!) came suddenly into the room. "Halloo!" he called out before we could stop him. " Didn't know old Tribune could play bridge!" Aunt Goldie started, looked hard at M. de Quelquepart, threw a glance of angry scorn at Bosh and Wee-Wee and her loving niece, dashed down her cards, and, sweeping out of the room, sent for a taxi. (N.B.—M. le Comte de Quelquepart was no other than the "Almost Human" from the *Magnificent!*) "H'm," grunted Bosh, as Aunt G. banged the door of the room

violently behind her, "she's not much of a partner at bridge, but anyhow we've wound up with a *grand slam* to-night!"

"I've won the bet," cried Wee-Wee. "I'll trouble you to hand over twenty quid, Blanche." "Not at all," I answered. "I laid you that she wouldn't find out—and she didn't. Norty gave the show away. It's *you* that's got to plunk down a *tenner*, old girl." However, she wouldn't pay, and I wouldn't, so we shall have to submit it to arbitration.

Ever thine,
BLANCHE.

AIRSHIP SUCCESS.

COUNT ZEPTELIN SUCCEEDS IN ALIGHTING ON THE GROUND."

Daily Record.

Not content with threatening us on the sea, Germany is apparently ready to contest the supremacy of the air with our Aldershot champions.

THE TRUTHFUL ADVERTISER.

AN INNOVATION.

COALS.—Why pay fancy prices when you can get from Messrs. Silksend best Slate nuggets at 20s. a ton, warranted to give the minimum of heat with the maximum of ash, and to jump all over the carpet. Cheaper rates for large amounts.

FOR SALE, Retriever Dog, with no known pedigree and very doubtful antecedents. Owner getting rid of him because he bites.

WANTED, Partner with £5,000 to take interest in new business, and join advertiser, who brings only brains to the undertaking.—Apply D. S. WINDELL, Gull's Nest, Chislehurst.

TO LET, a small, compact Flat in

A LADY wishes to recommend her nursery governess to anyone in want of a thoroughly bad-tempered companion for their children. Speaks French with Genevan accent.

IN the heart of London, old-world City residence without a single modern convenience. Perfect opportunity for lovers of the past. Drainage very doubtful.

WANTED, by Man and Wife, joint situation as Butler and Cook. Both drink.

EDUCATIONAL. Unrivalled opportunity for thrifty parents. Bantingham Grammar School, Essex. Only 30 miles from London. Strictly limited diet. No Hampers allowed. Water from own well. Playing field 20 ft. by 12 ft. Spartan régime. Special treatment for backward boys.—Apply, Messrs. CARVER AND STINT, Horseleech Road, N.E.

ESCAPE the feverish excitement of the Metropolis in the relaxing and humid climate of Boreton-in-the-Barsh. "The Penguins," Hotel Pension, described by eminent novelist as "redolent of Boottian charm." No extra charge for use of bagatelle board. Eggs and bacon at every meal. Special terms for influenza patients.

COMPULSORY SALE by order of Official Receiver. 300 so-called Pork Pies, with genuine farm-house aroma. Suitable for wedding presents, jubilees, etc.—LIQUIDATORS, Cats' Home, Rotherhithe.

with genuine farm-house aroma. Suitable for wedding presents, jubilees, etc.—LIQUIDATORS, Cats' Home, Rotherhithe.

DELICIOUS BUTTER, in air-tight pots, 3½d. a lb. When you open the pot, you will be amazed. Money returned if you are not amazed.—Address, Messrs. DAGO AND DODGE, Greek Street, Soho.

LADY (imaginary), in reduced circumstances (ditto), is compelled by urgent need (ditto) to dispose for the 100th time of her case of Sheffield fish-knives and forks. Should she succeed she can guarantee to have a similar case ready next week supplied by the same firm.

MISFIT.—Young widow, with family to support (her), anxious to dispose of superb balldress which was not made to her order. A good deal more than the value is asked, and a very little more than the value would be actually accepted.



A FIELD TRIAL.

NOT UNDER THE SPANIEL SOCIETY'S RULES.

favourite neighbourhood, within sound of one singing and two pianoforte instructors. Music all day and half the night.

CHAUFFEUR, reckless driver and incompetent repairer, desires re-engagement. Last situation with doctor, whom he provided with patients. Licence thoroughly endorsed.—Address, J. MANGLE, 14, Maul St., Gravesend.

FOR SALE, a powerful 16-20 h.p. Rank-aroma car, cost £800, will take £300. No fault except that it has been over-worked and most of the bearings are loose. Average weekly repairing bill for last year, £11.

SLIGHTLY USED Boschner Pianofortes, A few of these formidable instruments, with not more than ten dumb notes in each case, for Sale as furniture. Walnut legs warranted for same period as in case of new instruments.—Apply Bilkenstein Hall, Seven Dials.

THE YOUNG IDEA.

UNTIL Mr. A. C. BENSON and other educationalists have decided what is to be taught in Public Schools, and doctors have settled what exercise boys may take, the appended time-table is offered as a solution of difficulties.

9 A.M. First bell. Tea served to every boy.
 9.30 " Arrival of certificated masseurs.
 10.30 " Slumber after massage.
 11 " Second bell. Arrival of doctors.
 11.15 " Boys who have passed medical examination are allowed to get up.
 11.45 " Breakfast.
 12.30 P.M. Slow walk, taken by whole school in couples.
 1 " Siesta.
 1.45 " Meditation.
 2 " Dinner. To be masticated at the rate of one mouthful per minute.
 4 " A quiet half-hour.
 4.30 " Athletics. No boy under sixteen to run more than 50 yards, and juniors to be limited to sprints of 25 yards.
 5.30 " Second medical examination.
 6 " Relaxation. No reading permitted.
 6.30 " Lecture by Dr. SALEEBY on Health and Beauty.
 7.15 " Light meal.
 7.45 " Tops for prefects, marbles for boys over fourteen, and puss-in-the-corner for juniors.
 8.45 " Third medical examination.
 9.15 " Arrival of tuckers-up.

THE COMPLEAT SKATER.

Now that the Spring will soon be upon us, and we can therefore expect to be skating within a reasonably short time, perhaps a few phrases for the use of such of our foreign friends as may be sampling the land of fogs at the moment will not be out of place.

PART 1.—PREPARATION.

Where are your skates? My uncle has them at present, as I did not expect the frost to last. Why do you bring the meat-saw? That is not the meat-saw, that is my skate-blade; only it was made in Germany, and the gardener has been using it during the summer months for weeding. Yes, very trying. Do not forget the cold tea. What is whisky?

PART 2.—THE JOURNEY TO THE POND.

It is cold. It is not cold. It would be warmer if it were not so cold. Quite, thank you, I have two pairs on underneath. Can you skate? I can skate. I think I can skate. I could skate when I was a boy. Oh, not so long ago as you might think. May I offer you—someone



A PRODIGIOUS PERFORMANCE.

ANOTHER MUSICAL SENSATION—THE BROTHERS PADBORIKSEI.

has stolen my flask already. Some people are thieves.

PART 3.—THE SKATING.

Do let me put your skates on. Thank you, I prefer to watch. I do indeed. It is such a long time since I skated. I wish you would sit down and be quiet. I want to watch those two. He is off. She is off. Oh, do look! They have collided. Yes, indeed, a severe bump.

Her relations are taking it very badly. Some people have no sense of humour. She is a lucky girl—about thirteen stone, I should say. Is that all? May I get you some tea, some coffee, some whisky, some beer, some buns? Thank you, I have a saveloy in a paper bag. How thoughtful of you. Not at all; it was my sister's when we started out.

PART 4.—THE JOURNEY HOME.

Now, girls, time to go home. Where

is your aunt? I have not seen her for the last hour. She must have fallen in. It is of no consequence, I have several more. Of course you are; it's bound to come through if you keep on sitting down.

Be careful of that slide there. Oh! I hope you have not hurt yourself. Hush, the girls might hear you. How picturesque the village inn looks. Shall we . . . ? Quick, before the others come up.

We shall be late for dinner. How cold it is. Will you come down tomorrow for the Lincolnshire championships? There is nothing I should like better . . . Listen! I do believe . . . yes it has begun to rain!

More Commercial Candour.

Motto over the doorway of a Gas Company's Exhibition:

"Light may come and light may go, but gas goes on for ever."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FIND it unfortunate that the scheme of JOHN GALSWORTHY'S latest novel, *Fraternity* (HEINEMANN), should start out from certain details of an immense improbability. It is unbelievable that a journalist in criticising a picture should publish a hint of the relations existing between the artist's husband and the model who posed for it. It is equally unbelievable that a woman of *Bianca Dallison's* alleged refinement—the author perhaps insists a little too much on the hereditary culture of his rather middle-class Kensingtonians—should silently hand the critique to her husband, and conclude from his embarrassment that it was high time for a definite rupture of the marital tie. In any case, if this was the final straw which broke the camel's spine, we ought to have been told a good deal more about the previous load—always a large element in the success of the final straw.

As the title of Mr. GALSWORTHY'S novel suggests, it is supposed to deal with the problem of the gulf between class and class; but he offers no solution, and his attitude is scarcely less amateur than that of all the characters who dabble in this social question. Indeed, the larger theme yields, in attractiveness, to the treatment of the personal relationship between individuals. Yet, though the reader's interest in the issue is admirably sustained, not one of the leading combatants takes a very close hold upon the heart, and we feel no very poignant concern about their fate. Far the most engaging figure is that of the old philosopher, Mr. Stone, who exhausts a strenuous second-childhood over a *magnum opus* on Universal Brotherhood, and remains pathetically aloof from the world of actuality. Mr. GALSWORTHY is incapable of writing without charm and distinction, but I do wish he would not look for his illustrations quite so high or quite so low. He opens with a wasteful and laborious comparison between a patch of gentian-blue sky and a costume of the same *nuance* in a shop window; and he is not very pleasant when he introduces the loves of a spaniel as a background to his human intrigue.

"M. E. FRANCIS" is a writer from whom pleasant experience has taught me to expect so much that I was the more disappointed when *Noblesse Oblige* (LONG) proved, for me at least, quite unworthy of her reputation. Indeed, remembering certain deserved successes at the Garrick Theatre, I was forced to the theory that Mrs. BLUNDELL had been tempted by the prospect of more dramatic fleshpots, and had regarded *Noblesse Oblige* less as a novel than as a play in the making. And, with perhaps a trifle more fighting thrown in, it should serve excellently for an entertainment of the right Beaucaire-Pimpernel blend. The period is 1794 (wigs

by CLARKSON), and the scenes are set in London, with just a glimpse, for the big situation in the third Act, of Revolutionary Paris. *Yvonne de Cassagnac* (heroine) and her noble father are refugees from the Terror. To support them both, Mademoiselle becomes dancing-mistress in the house of a titled but plebeian English family (refined comic relief). She is insulted on her way through the park, and rescued in the nick of time by—why, by whom but the mysterious "M. Lenoir," teacher of singing. Subsequently the hero and heroine are transported (somewhat clumsily) to Paris, under a false passport describing them as *M. and Mme. Perrin*. The effect is that, to quiet a threatening mob, high-born *Yvonne* has to fling her arms about the nameless *M. Lenoir* and proclaim him for her beloved husband. And after all, when *M. Lenoir* turns up in the final scene to claim his bride, behold the poor tutor, powdered and sworded, has blossomed into *M. le Comte de Mévigny*, member of one of the noblest families in France. To repeat, *Noblesse Oblige* should triumph as Romantic Melodrama. I could even, if put to it, hazard a guess at the chief actor.

The great BROUHAM has a special interest for *Punch*, since his remarkable features were for some years the delight of our earlier caricaturists, although, according to his Lordship, they succeeded in conveying an accurate impression only of his plaid trousers; while did not DICKY DOYLE fix him for all time on *Punch's* cover, where his mask is to be seen (in the procession at the base) drawn by a goat-foot on a string? *Punch* then is pledged to BROUHAM, and therefore the new collection of his early letters, which have been piously arranged and edited by Messrs. R. H. M. BUNDLE



THE DISCOMFORTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
THE LADY ALYS GIVES HER LORD A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF, IN TAPESTRY, FOR HIS BIRTHDAY.

ATKINSON and G. A. JACKSON, and privately and sumptuously issued by them, has taken its place very naturally on his shelves. The letters were exchanged between HENRY BROUHAM, JAMES BROUHAM, JAMES LOCH (father of the first Lord LOCH), FRANCIS HORNER, ANDREW CLEPHANE, and others, in their youth, and now and then they contain characteristic evidences of youthful indiscretion and candour. The editors seem to have suppressed nothing. The result is in the main entertaining, and it certainly cannot be disregarded by any future biographer of BROUHAM, if such should arise. Just now, however, the famous Chancellor is under a cloud; but if ever there was a mine containing a mother-lode of gold it is *Brougham and His Early Friends*.

The Happy Elopement, an excellent story
By E. LACON WATSON (BROWN, LANGHAM & Co.),

Is partly devoted to golf and its glory,

And partly to folk who a-wooing would go.

The parts are connected with links (kindly notice

The paronomasia, *anglicé* pun),

And the mixture all golfers (and woosers) will vote is

A jolly good blending of science and fun.